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SELECTED TALES.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

The sun was gilding with his last gleam the turrets of Notre Dame. In a small but handsome chamber, whose window stood just clear of the shadow of the great tower, were seated two individuals, busied with their separate occupations. We will describe them. The first, and the one who sat nearest the window, was a girl apparently about eighteen, though her air and actions, soft and graceful, and the silent melancholy of her countenance, might have betokened to the careless observer the full grown woman. Her complexion was dark brunette, her long hair as black as ebony, her eyes of the same color, and liquid as the soft words that at intervals fell from her prettily curving lips. She was plying the needle upon a piece of fine cambric, but occasionally casting a glance into the crowded thoroughfare below.

At a little distance from her and nearer to the fire—for it was December—sat a fine looking youth. The dark complexion the raven hair, the eye, and the general outline of his features, at once bespoke him the brother of the girl. On his left arm rested the palette, he held the pencil in his right hand, and before him stood the easel, supporting the unfinished portrait of a lady. He was, as may be supposed, an artist. His native country, as that of his sister, Italy. They were the offspring of the bright sun and the burning clime of Naples, and he had wandered to the world's metropolis of art, in order that the young painter might seek that reward of genius, which the poverty of his countrymen had denied him at home.

We have said that the painting which leaned against the easel was unfinished.—Enough had been done, however, to show that it was the portrait of a lovely woman. The head and neck were perfected. The drapery only remained to be thrown around one of the most perfect conceptions that ever emenated from the brain of an artist. The head was slightly thrown back, giving full effect to the bold but graceful curving of the neck—the head was oval, of the most voluptuous formation—the complexion of a pure blonde, the cheeks slightly tinted with the rose, while the eyes and hair were of the deepest black, the latter gracefully folded and plaited into a thick cluster on the back of the head. The upper outline of the nose was a perfectly straight line; such a nose as the Grecian sculptors loved to cut from their pure Parian—while the curved and classic lip seemed constantly to distil dewy drops of crystal honey. In short the painting was the *chef d'œuvre* of an artist's skill, as the original must have been of the handiwork of nature.

But how know we there *was* an original? Might it not have been what painters term a "fancy sketch?" No such thing. The long and ardent gaze which the young painter directed, from time to to time, on the lovely object before him, the deep drawn sigh that escaped him as he turned again to his colors, bore evidence of a feeling far different from the mere enthusiasm of an artist for the creation of his own fancy, and plainly declared that the loveliness before him was God's, not his conception.

"It is impossible!" muttered the artist to himself, as he flung himself back despairingly in his seat. "Impossible—the divine pencil of Angelo himself would fail to copy the angel in her eyes. I shall try to see her once more before the sun goes down—'tis a lovely evening—she may be at her window—oh! could I but see her seated here—here in this soft light, for one moment—it might be done—sister!"

"Guido!"

"Here, sister, what think you now; have I changed the expression in aught?"

The Italian girl rose from her seat at the window, approached the painting, and stood for a moment in silent contemplation of it.

"It is indeed much more *like*—"

"Like? why what mean you? You have never seen her Bianca?"

"I—I," answered the sister, in an embarrassed manner; I meant that the expression is better—more beautiful now."

The painter seemed satisfied with the answer, and continued—

"Oh, Bianca, could you but see the original. I have half a mind to show her to you some day—but then how different would she seem to us! You can only see her with your eyes; I feel her in my heart, in my pulse, everywhere. She is to me as the sun that lights yonder gilded cupola, and lends it all its glory and brightness"—(the painter had approached the window—the great tower of Notre Dame had already flung its deep shadow upon the sill, and only the highest turrets of houses were burnished by the declining sunbeam—a cupola with gilded cross rose over the distant roofs to which the young artist pointed, as he continued)—"Yes, Bianca, like in more ways than one—though that spire raises its head proudly over the humble roofs of the *burgeoise*, it can never reach the sun—hopeless—hopeless!"

"And yet, Gaetano, the sun condescends to come to that cupola and kiss it."

"Thank you, thank you, sweet sister—now shall I take fresh courage from the omen you have uttered—my cloak, I must to the Chasse d'Antin—one more gaze, one more look into that lovely eye, and if my head and heart fail me not, I shall have it upon the canvass, and feast upon it at leisure. Adieu, sister!"

The enthusiastic lover seized his chapeau, threw a Neapolitan cloak over his shoulders, and opening the door hurried out into the street.

Bianca stood for a moment gazing earnestly at the picture.

"How like *him!*" soliloquized she, "the eye—the nose—the lip—all like him! how very strange—and nearly betrayed, too—ha! I must be more cautious"—and so saying, the beautiful girl again approached the window and looked out into the street.

She had not remained long in this position when some object in the crowded thoroughfare below, attracted her attention, caused her to start, and sent the red blood mantling over her fair cheeks. A young man, dressed in the prevailing fashion, was standing at a distant corner, under the shade of a *cafe* awning. A light French cloak was thrown gracefully over his well made figure, and a black mustache and imperial added to the expression of his handsome face. From beneath his becoming chapeau, black wavy curls fell upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance gave the impression of graceful and manly beauty.

During the few moments in which the painter and his sister had been criticising the portrait this young man had passed and repassed the front of the house, with his eyes anxiously yet stealthily bent on the window of the painter's study, but the moment the latter issued from the street door, the young man, who had evidently been waiting for this, crossed over the street and entered.

Presently a slight knock was heard, the door opened, and Bianca's lover stood in her presence.

"Dearest Bianca!" was the exclamation of the youth, as he kissed the red lip freely offered to him. There was no coquetry here. The lover had won the affections of the Italian maiden, and she yielded to him without resistance this sweet favor of confiding love.

"Guido has gone out, Bianca, I watched him from the street—think you, love, he will soon return?"

"No, not soon, Louis, he will remain out until nightfall—he always does when he goes on the same errand."

"What errand, Bianca?"

"Why, your own," replied the girl laughing, "he has gone to see his sweetheart."

"Ha! Guido in love?"

"Aye, like yourself again."

"But he has never told me of his love."

"Have you ever told him of yours? ha, ha!—"

"No, sweetest, but I mean to break it to him the very first opportunity."

A gleam of joy flashed over the features of the Italian maiden. It was this she had long desired, for the secresy of her attachment to the young Frenchman (which though pure and holy, had been carefully concealed from her brother) distressed her; and she often wished that she had made Guido a confidant. She doubted not that had this been done, from the peculiar nature of her brother's own circumstances, he would have sympathized with her; but since he had freely confided in her, she knew that his pride would be wounded by the deception she was practising, and perhaps in the violence of his nature he might forbid the advances of her lover.

"Do, dearest Louis, for my sake do!" she replied.

"I will, and to-morrow, Bianca. What think you! I have sood news for you—my kind father has given me leave to choose a wife for myself—I should have done so, at all events, but how much pleasanter to have one's father's consent—and now if we can gain your brother's, we may get speedily married."

"What happiness!"

The lover leaned forward and kissed the beautiful cheek of his mistress.

"Guido will not refuse it; he loves, and like ourselves—"

"Ah! not like us.

"Not like us! what mean you Bianca?"

"Alas! poor Guido!"

"Poor Guido! and why?"

"His love, I fear, is hopeless."

"For what reason—know you the young lady?"

"No, but my brother has told me that she is high in rank, and he can never become acquainted with her. He only loves at a distance."

"Nonsense! Guido has everything to hope—he is growing famous—genius and reputation will win love and beauty—besides, your brother (he were not else *your* brother, Bianca,) is handsome—he is cast in that mould which women admire—by the bye, I heard a very fine lady say (and she only saw him passing her window) that he was the handsomest gentleman in Paris—i' faith, I believe he has won her heart, but, poor girl, he never saw her—how strange is this thing love—it is so seldom mutual like ours—we were made for each other—don't you think so, Bianca?"

Bianca smiled and received another glowing kiss upon her beautiful cheek.

"To-morrow, then, Bianca, I will tell Guido, that I, his friend, am in love with his sister—shall I say that she loves me in return?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well then, I shall, and afterwards ask his consent to our marriage; you know I am rich enough—he will not refuse me on that ground, I think, and then we will be married, and I shall have the sweetest wife in all Paris; so happy we shall be!—Shall we not Bianca?"

"Oh! so happy!"

"But what can I do for Guido, he will be so lonely without you? I wish I could help him to a wife—that fine lady he believes to be beyond his reach; perhaps I may know her and can introduce him—can you give me no clue by which to find out who she is?"

"Yes, yes! here is her likeness," suddenly recollected Bianca, pointing to the beautiful portrait on the easel.

"What!" exclaimed the lover, suddenly starting, while a gleam of joy passed over her countenance; "this her?"

"Yes," answered Bianca.

"Where did he paint this likeness?"

"Here—from recollection."

"She lives in the Chasse-D'Antin!"

"She does; and do you know, Louis, I nearly betrayed myself to Guido this evening, in speaking of her; for I have often fancied the portrait resembled you! I had nearly spoken out your name!"

"It is very natural she should resemble me, she is my sister."

"*Your sister?*"

"Yes truly—that is the likeness of my sister Eugenie—and I am right glad; now I can ask Guido for my Bianca with more confidence of success, as I will be enabled to do him a favor in return. Ha, ha, ha! what a singular discovery! We shall have a fair exchange here, though I think the balance will be in my favor, sweet Bianca!"

"But will your sister care for my poor brother?" artlessly inquired the Italian girl.

"Never mind, Bianca; leave that to my management—but the twilight is darkening—I must away ere he return—say nothing of my discovery—not a word—it would mar my schemes. I shall make the rascal so much my debter that he dare not refuse me anything—adieu! sweet Bianca, adieu!" and kissing the fair cheek of his mistress, the young Parisian was soon once more in the street, and on his way homeward.

Bianca reluctantly closed the door as the echo of his footsteps died away in the distance, and approaching the portrait, she sat down before it, gazing earnestly upon the picture. After awhile she leaned forward and murmuring the words "sweet sister," imprinted an enthusiastic kiss on the lifeless canvass. She did not perceive that the door had opened and that her brother having entered the room was standing beside her.

"Sweet sister! ah Bianca! it can never be so—I am mad to think of it!" added the painter in a melancholy tone.

"Do not despair, Guido," said Bianca, cheerfully, when she had recovered herself from the slight agitation occasioned by her brother's voice—"you know not what good fortune may be in store for you."

She would fain have told him all she knew, but the injunctions of her lover, and the circumstances of her intimacy with the young Frenchman prevented the possibility of this, and she was obliged to use other means to cheer his drooping spirits.

Guido had been to the Chasse D'Antin; he had seen the object of his love in her window, and screened by a friendly projection, had remained for a half hour gazing with rapture upon her beautiful features.

She had left the window as the twilight darkened down, and the painter, dispirited and despairing, returned to his home. He did not even yet know her name. He had not had the courage to inquire—but he felt that any advances from a poor artist toward one living in such a splendid mansion, would be treated with scorn.—He was fast rising, however, into notice, as a man of true genius, and had already made many friends among the higher classes, among whom was the young Parisian, Louis Le Berton, but this friendship had not as yet extended to the full confidence which admits the stranger into the family circle.

In the midst of gloomy thoughts that were fast being dissipated by the kind condolence of his beloved sister, the door opened and a note was handed by a liveried servant to the artist. The servant retreated. The note ran as follows:—

My Dear Friend—I have shown the portrait which you painted of me to my family. It has been so much admired that my sister insists upon having her likeness painted by you if you can find time, and perhaps you could make it convenient to come to our house, as she is at present somewhat indisposed. If so, you will extremely oblige your friend—

Louis Le Breton.

To-morrow at ten o'clock I will wait for you at home, and introduce you to your study—you will find our house at No. 40 Rue ——, Chasse D'Antin.

"I can see the meaning of all this," tho't Bianca; "kind Louis! how happy will my brother be when he finds out whose likeness he is to paint."

"Can it be possible?" inquired the astonished artist of himself, when next morning he came up with No. 40, and found it was the very mansion into the window of which he had often gazed with longing eyes. Strange I had not known this before—Louis never told me where he lived—Le Breton, No. 40—it is indeed!"

His hand trembled on the bell handle—he rang—Louis himself came to the door to meet him, and in a moment the painter found himself in the presence of her whom he had long secretly loved. He managed however to conceal his emotions in presence of Louis. The latter secretly enjoyed the ruse which he was playing. But the emotions were not all on one side—for happily this was the lady of whom Louis had spoken to Bianca, as having so ardently admired her brother. These were strange coincidences.

The portrait was commenced, and progressed for several successive days, but the artist and his sister began instinctively to understand each other's feelings; and one day, as young Le Breton entered the drawing room, he saw, with feigned astonishment, his Italian friend sitting close by his sister, gazing ardently in her countenance, and holding her hand in his, while the pensils, palette and paints lay unheeded around.

The painter rose proudly, and was about to retire, thinking that all was lost—he was stopped, however, by his friend, who rushed forward and seized him by the hand, exclaiming—

"Come, Guido, whither so fast? Do not suppose that I am angry—I know it all—you love Eugenie—she loves you in return, and it was my management that brought you together; you shall have her, for my father, I know, will consent to what I propose, but first you must promise me a favor in return."

"What is that?"

"Bianca."

"My sister?"

"Yes! we, without your knowledge, have long loved each other—it was during an interview with her that I discovered your partiality for Eugenie here—the portrait, Guido! the portrait! Come now, shall we exchange sisters?"

"Willingly!"

And so they did, for soon after there was an extensive double wedding in the Chasse d'Antin.

While thou art well, thou mayest do much good, if thou wilt; but when thou art sick, neither thou nor I can tell what thou shalt be able to do; it is not much.

An Irish Letter.

Tullymucclescrag, Parish of Ballyragget, near Ballysluchguth, Jan. 22, 1846.

My Dear Nephew.—I haven't cent you a letter since the last time I wrote to you, because we have moved from our former place of living and I didn't know where a letther would find you; but I now wid pleasure take up my pin to inform you of the death of your own livin' uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering illness of six months. The poor man was in violent convulsion the whole time of his sickness, lying perfectly quate and spachless, all the while talking incoherently and crying for wather. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, excipt I wrote to you by the last post, which wint off two days before he died, and thin you'd had postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell what his death was ockasioned at but I fear it was by his last sickness, for he niver was well tin days the gither during the whole time of his confinement—and I belave his death was ockasioned by his stin too much of rabbits stuffed wid pays and gravy, or pays and gravy stuffed wid rabbits, I can't tel which, but be that as it will, as soon as he brathed his last, the docther gave over all hopes of his recovery. I needn't tel you anything about his hage, for you well know that in March nixt, he would have been twinty-five years owld, lacking tin months; and had he lived till that time, he would thin hav bin jist six months dead. His propherty now devolves to his next kin, who all died some time ago, so that I expict it will be devided betwane us, and you know his propherty was very consitherable, for he had a fine estate, which was sowld to pay his dibts and the remainther he lost in a horse race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time, that he would have won the race if the horse he run eginst hadn't bin too fast for him. I niver saw a man, and the docthers all say so, that observed directions or tuck medicine bether than he did. He said he would as lave take bither as swate, if it had only the same tast—and Ipicakianna as whiskey punch, if it would only put him in the same humor for fightin. But, poor sowl, he will niver ate or dhrink more; and if ye havn't a livin relashion in the world excipt myself and your two cousins who were kilt in the last war.

I can't dwell on this mournful subject, and shall sale my letther wid black salin-wax and put on it your uncle's coat of arms, so I beg you not to brake the sale whin you open the letther, and don't open it til three or four days afthur you resave it, by which time you will be prepare'd for the sorrowful tidins. Your owld swateheart sinds her love to you unknowns to me. Whin Tarry M'Gee arrives in Amerika, ax him for his letther, and if he disn't know it from the rest, tell him its the one that spake about your uncle's death and saled in black.

I remain your affectionat owld Granmother.

JUDY O'HOOLIGAN.

To Larry O'Hooligan, late of the town of Tullymucclescrag, Parish of Ballyragget, near Ballysluchguthey, in the county of Kilkinny, Ireland.

P. S.—Don't write to me till you resave this.

N. B.—Whin you come to this place stop and don't rade any more til my next.

Ice in the South.

A friend of ours, who had been in the ice trade at St. Thomas, relates some funny anecdotes of the ideas which the "natives" there have of the "Boston hard water." He once sold a lump to a gentleman, who sent a colored servant for it, with direction to have it kept for the dinner table. The servant took it home, and inquired of the cook how it was to be prepared. After considerable discussion in the kitchen cabinet, it was decided to have it *boiled*. At dinner, the gentleman called for it, and was in high glee, for he had drank iced champagne in the States, and felt a mighty hankering for a second trial of the same beverage. Soon Sambo made his appearace, with eyes rolling on the *outside* of his face, and grinning like a frightened monkey.

"Where is the ice?" demanded the gentleman.

"O, lorry, Massa," said Sambo, "I put him in de pot and bile him more 'an half an hour, and when I looked for him he wasn't dar!"

The gentleman didn't stop to enlighten his servant on the point of cooking ice, but seizing a decanter, hurled it at the unfortunate colored gentleman's head, as an indication that he should "suffer some" after dinner hour.—*Eagle.*

Persevere in well doing though nations should rise up against you.

The Magnetic Telegraph.

The wonders of this talking machine have not yet begun to be understood, and the extent of its availability can be scarcely imagined. What we will be able to do with it in twenty years hence who can conceive?

We can easily suppose that a fond husband, at Philadelphia, might hold a domestic colloquy with his wife at N. York, such as—

"Dear Mary, I'll be home in the nine o'clock line; have some corned beef and cabbage for dinner, and don't forget some hot whiskey punch, for I've got a very bad cold."

To which in a few moments the devoted wife answers—

"Dear Charles, tie an extra handkerchief round your neck; the beef is in the pot, and the cabbage is all ready. I've got no whiskey, and somebody has stolen my purse and all my money."

"That's just like your careless way; ask Mrs Jones to lend you a dollar until I come home, but stop, never mind; I've just given Mr Vail two dollars for you, and he'll tell the telegraph man at the end of the line to pay it to you. Good bye, take good care of the baby's measles."

Think of popping the question by telegraph! Suppose that, rushing along the wires, blazing out in a stream of fire, comes the burning declaration? See: the lever moves, the pen scratches the paper, and whizzing off the wheel comes the impassioned question; what is it, she raises the paper, decyphers the characters and there inscribed with lightning vividness, are the words—

"Dearest, will you be mine?"

What is she to do? Of necessity, her agitated spirits must be soothed, so she touches the corresponding key—away flies the fluid and the heart of the lover, in a far off country is gladdened by the words—

"Ask my Pa."

Good Advice to Young Women.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life. Learn to work and be not dependent on servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you caress, and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject in the light we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "such a young lady has married a fortune," we always trembled for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young woman remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft delicate hand, the splendid form and the fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air—dressed tastily yet simply—with cheeks we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect security beneath their silken lashes, how can we help loving her? But when we see a woman whose looks seem to say that she is sojourning somewhere about the region of thirty-nine; dressed off in pink ribbons, mock gold chains and pinch back breast pins, and mincing her steps as if treading on eggs, she reminds us of an old piece of furniture scoured up to sell.

Woman.—How valuable are woman's labors as mother, nurse, and teacher; so much so, that the two sexes are like the date tree; the male plant produces flowers only, the female, fruit. We should remember, too, that Adam was created out of Paradise, and Eve in it, and something earthly therefore still clings to Adam's race.

If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it? s'd a skeptic to a clergyman. Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it? was a

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Shameful Abandonment.—An interesting young woman, giving her name as Mary French, appeared at the Police yesterday, to make known a case of peculiar hardship. She has been living in New Orleans, and by industry and frugality had saved up about $700, when she became acquainted with Joseph French, and soon after they were married they started for this city, arriving here last Saturday. On Tuesday last her husband, while walking with her in the Bowery, procured from her the key of her trunk, alleging that he feared she might lose it, and making some excuse, he left her standing in the street, while he went into a porter house, from which he managed to get out by a back passage. After waiting a long time for him, she made her way to their boarding house in Robinson Street, but French had been there before her, and abstracted from the trunk $650, in gold, the savings of years. He has not been heard of since, and we may safely add he never will be, and his wife may feel herself well rid of him, for the law could not take from him her money, nor could he be punished for his treatment to her, so she is well rid of a bad bargain.—*N. Y. Courier.*

An Unsexed Woman.—A young woman was recently taken to the N. Y. City Hospital from Anthony street with a broken leg, who goes by the name of "Johnny." It is said that she has acted in the capacity of stage driver nearly three years on one of the omnibus routes in this city. Dressed in male apparel, she chewed tobacco, smoked cigars, drank brandy, and swore as valiantly as any of her confederates, and her sex was never discovered.—It was during this time that she adopted this name which is now the only one by which she is known.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

The Rev. Mr Smalley, of the Union Church left town last evening, to visit poor Torrey; who, if living is a member of his church. We hope he may find him alive, but very much fear he will not.—The last accounts state that his death was daily expected. "Sick and in prison and ye visited me not." This passage, 'tis said came forcibly to the mind of the benevolent individual at whose expense this pastoral visit is made.—*Worcester Gaz.*

Olive Oil.—This article seldom reaches us in a perfectly pure state, and its effects, on that account, are often deleterious rather than beneficial. The following receipt, for its purification, may therefore be of service to some: "Mix with water, agitate it violently, and then let it settle and turn off the oil. The mucilage which produces rancidity is separated from the oil, and remains in the water. Oils obtained by compression contain mucilage, and others matters, which may be separated by this simple process."

Young Voyagers.—Among the passengers in the Cambria, were masters T. Cambria, and E. Cambria Benson, twins, who were born on board the steamer on her outward passage, and returned in her, upon this trip, with their parents.—*Courier.*

On Friday the 1st inst., a little girl about 7 years of age, daughter of Mr Gilmer, corner of Broadway and Spencer streets, was sent on an errand, and although diligent search has been made ever since, she has not yet been found.—*Albany Courier.*

There was a terrible hail storm in Washington county, Pa., on Wednesday of last week. The Reporter says it has no recollection of such a storm—the ground was covered as with snow.

The Season.—We are now in the middle of April, and yet fire is indispensable to comfort. Last week we were visited with rain almost constantly, with a cold, disagreeable atmosphere, such as we have in the midst of winter. The late spring has caused much sickness, generally of a fatal character. This morning there was quite a heavy frost.—*Little Rock, Ark. Gaz. April 13.*

Apple-trees in this vicinity were in blossom on Saturday the 2d inst.—at least a fortnight earlier than the average time in previous seasons.—*Springfield Gazette of the 4th.*

The recent showers have caused the flowers, the foliage, and the grass to put forth as if touched by a magic wand. The gardens and the public Squares are miniature Paradises, and the loveliness of the country is enough to rouse the most inveterate city lounger from his lethargy.—*Phila. Times, 4th.*

The weather yesterday was quite unseasonable. On Sunday, and for several preceding days, it was warm, the thermometer ranging at and above seventy degrees. Yesterday morning found the wind from the Northeast, and the weather some twelve degrees colder than had been experienced for a week previous—indeed it seemed more like Nov. day than if [illegible] were in May-day week.—*Charleston, [illegible] Courier, 28th ult.*

[illegible]ve had an unusual spring. The [illegible]s been cold and rather wet.—[illegible] corn looks only tolerable, [illegible]med that a good many [illegible]thing up their early [illegible] replanting it.—*Ala.*

Great Conflagration at South Hadley Falls.—A most disastrous fire broke out in the Gas Bleaching Room of the large three story Paper Mill of Howard & Lathrop at South Hadley Falls, about half past two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon last, and so rapidly did the flames spread, that within *one hour*, this Mill, the Grist, Flouring and Plaster Mill of the late Josiah Bardwell, Esq., now occupied by Carew & Damon, and the large Paper Manufactory of David Ames, Esq., of Springfield were a heap of ruins—the entire buildings between the Canal and River. Comparatively little of the contents of these establishments was saved, so swift was the movement of the flames. A gentleman well conversant with the value of the property destroyed, informed us when looking upon the firey elements, that the loss could not be less than $100,000.

There was a large amount of stock and machinery in both the paper establishments. Howard & Lathrop's loss is about $50,000. There was some 5 or $6,000 worth of stock—4000 reams of finished letter paper. Insured $13,500—the policy of which arrived at Springfield at 12 o'clock, only two hours previous to the fire. It is also supposed that Messrs. White & Sheffield of New York, who had a lease of the Mill for three months, had an insurance of $10,000 more; this however is not positively known.

The loss of the Grist and Flouring Mill is from 2 to 3000—no insurance.

Carew & Damon's loss of grain and plaster is between $100 and $200. Their greatest loss is in the temporary suspension of business connected with this mill, which is very heavy at the present time.

David Ames' loss is estimated at about $50,000—insured $17,000.

The fire it is stated, was communicated from a kettle of tar, &c., which boiled over.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the fire department of that village in their effectual efforts to extinguish the flames which several times caught the Hotel only 50 feet distant and the store just below belonging to Howard & Lathrop.—It was with the most skillful management that they succeeded in saving these buildings which prevented the destruction of the main village. Had there been a strong wind, we cannot conjecture where the fire would have ceased its fury within the limits of the village.

Much credit is also due the Niagara company of Springfield, the company from Cabotville, and another company from Chicopee Falls, all of whom were brought to the nearest point by railroad. The buildings were however in ruins before they arrived; but such acts of kindness in their neighbors will not soon be forgotten.

This fire is a very severe one to the village. The life of business is suspended for the present; and a large number of operatives, male and female, are thrown out of employ. But we trust this is only temporary. The spirit of enterprise of the day will not suffer this calamity to cast a permanent cloud over this heretofore lively village. The water power is one of the best in the country and sufficient to propel the machinery for any amount of business and for the most extensive manufacturing, and we trust that there will be no delay in its improvement.—*Northampton Courier.*

Attempt at Murder. — Suicide.—Joshua Barron, residing at the Community, about three miles from this village, soon after rising on Sunday morning last, returned to his bed and struck his wife the claw of a hammer directly over the left eye a violent and murderous blow, breaking her skull and depressing the fracture deeply upon the brain. Barron then fled to the river, having on only his shirt, with the intention of drowning himself; but for some reason did not effect his purpose. Mrs Barron not being deprived of her reason by the blow received, was able to go to another room and inform her daughter that she was hurt. The citizens were soon aroused and Barron who was returning from the river was seized and committed to jail. On Monday morning he hung himself on the door of the dungeon in his cell, with his suspenders.

Barron was an agent for Briggs' patent fence. Having been unsuccessful in the affairs of this world, for some months past he has been partially deranged, but was considered harmless. He came from Vermont, where he married his second wife, who is there respectably connected. His age is about 60. He leaves three or four children.

Mrs B. is comfortable and hopes are now entertained of her recovery.—*Northampton Courier.*

New Brick Machine.—Messrs. Cuthertson & McMillen have in operation at Cincinnatti, a new brick machine, which excels anything of the kind in use. The clay, in a crude state, is thrown with a shovel into a hopper, in which a mill or pulverizer is placed over the upper press-wheel in such a manner as to discharge the clay into the moulds on both sides of the press-wheel. The moulds being filled in this manner with pulverized clay, pass under the press-wheel twice—giving the brick a double pressure, and shaving them smooth, by means of a knife attached to the machine. The bricks are then thrown out of the moulds by an admirable contrivance on a table at each end of the machine at the rate of 5000 per hour. As the whole works will be under cover, they can work in wet as well as dry weather.—*Sci. Am.*

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, May 14, 1846.

The War on the Rio Grande—More Fighting between the Americans and Mexicans—The Crossing of the Rio Grande by 2000 Mexicans Confirmed—Gen. Taylor Surrounded by 8000 Mexican Troops—His requisition upon the Governor of Texas for aid—Governor of Louisiana ordered out 2500 Troops—Great Excitement in New Orleans.

The important news from the Rio Grande of the crossing of two thousand Mexicans to intercept, if possible, Gen. Taylor and cut off his supplies, is all confirmed. More American blood has been shed—and war has begun in earnest.

We have just received, says the N. Y. Herald, by Electric Telegraph from Philadelphia, the following important and disastrous news:—

The Galveston News Extra of April 30th contains the following intelligence—

On the 23d ult., 2,000 Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande about twenty miles above Gen Taylor's camp. Two companies of cavalry, 63 men each, commanded by Captains Thornton and Hardee, were sent to reconnoitre the next morning. They fell in an ambush, when Lieut. Cairn and 13 men were killed. Capt. Thornton reported missing, and Capt. Hardee and 46 men taken prisoners.

A wounded man, pent in by the Mexicans made this report. These Mexicans were commanded by Canales and Carabajal.

After the flight the Mexicans were reinforced and Gen, Taylor's position is entirely surrounded, cutting off all communication with Point Isabel, at which place is the train, and all the stores of the army.

Gen. T. not having over ten days provisions—the entrenchments at Point Isabel are not half finished; and, to defend them, there is but 90 artillery, 20 dragoons, and about 40 teamsters, citizens and laborers.

A call was made on Governor Henderson, of Texas, by General Taylor for forty companies to be mounted and to rendezvous at Corpus Christie, and the foot companies at Galveston.

Gen. Taylor has also called upon the Governors of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama for 8,000 troops.

Gen. Taylor's works opposite Matamoras would be completed by the 28th, at which time the fire would be opened on the city.

The Mexican force is 8,000 well equipped and with an excellent park of artillery.

The Governor has issued his requisition for 2,500 volunteers, and they were all ready in the streets on the morning of the 2d, actively preparing for departing.—They expected to leave the next day.—The Louisiana Legislature has appropriated $100,000 for the service. The city of New Orleans was in a great state of excitement—drums and flags, parading thro' the streets calling for volunteers.

War.—The news from the Rio Grande establishes the important fact, that the blow of agression was first struck by the Mexicans. Believing as we do that Mexico has no justifiable excuse for her avarice, we hope our Government will act energetically in repelling the outrage, that it will not only punish the insolence of the Mexicans in this instance, but that it will repay her for the past.

We think our government is to blame in placing General Taylor in his present predicament, with only 2000, surrounded as he is by a force of nearly ten thousand barbarous warriors, leaves us in doubt as to the success of our arms, which before this are covered with glory, or Taylor's men are sacrificed before the apparent imbecility and unconcern of our Government in their safety. If Mexico, as we believe it is, is the aggressor, notwithstanding her army may possibly have triumphed over the detachment of our army, she will find that the plains of San Jacinto was only a nursery ground for her soldiery, compared with the fields on the way from the Rio Grande, to the raising of the American flag over the palace of Montezumas.

Fashionable Parties.—In the good old days of our grand-mothers, when *soirees* and *conversaziones* would have sounded like the dialect of Timbuco, and had as much meaning as an Egyptian hieroglyphic, parties and balls were given for comfort, chat, and friendly intercourse; a rubber of whist and a contra-dance, were the order of the evening, a hearty supper crowned the occasion, and the company were sound asleep by the time the balls and parties of the present generation are commencing. In those days ten or a dozen couple were looked upon as a goodly company; at the present day they would be considered as a comparative solitude. People then died of old age, or the doctor at worst; consumption, dyspepsia, and a frightful catalogue of diseases, only known within the last half century, now decimate society. Different manners produce different maladies; and consumption arises more from habits than climate.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Intemperance. Correctly answered by Miss H. M. B. A. P., and G. M. S., Palmer Depot; Abby Marie, Palmer; J. G. T., Brimfield; G. L. N., C. H. N. Monson.

Look out for Rogues!!—On the night of the 7th inst., a person of medium size, had on a short frock and glazed cap, attempted to enter the residence of Mr A. V. Blanchard early in the evening. Some one of the family discovered the fellow prowling about the House, and silently gave Mr B. the alarm.

Mr B. prepared himself for the occasion, and cautiously left his chamber to defend his house, without giving the least alarm. The fellow first discovered him, and with the speed of an antelope left the premises. Mr B. gave chase to the top of his speed (which is not slow by the way) and in the outset made a handsome gain on him; but, on reaching the swamp near Deacon Chapin's, the fellow left the Railroad and made good his retreat.

A warm reception will be given him, on a second visit.

Welch & Mann's Circus.—We would invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this Circus, in our columns to-day. It is represented by those who have visited it to be superior to any Circus ever before in New England. It has been at the South for a period of years, and has met with great success on its course to the North, and we doubt not, but those who visit will be pleased and gratified with the performance.

The Cambria all Safe!—The Cambria was got off on Monday afternoon by the assistance of the steamers R. B. Forbes and Gen. Lincoln, and arrived at Boston on Tuesday morning. The Cambria received but very little injury, and neither leaked a drop while she was ashore or after she was got off. The passengers and mails were landed on Monday morning and conveyed to Boston via Plymouth.

Rev. Charles T. Torrey is sacrificed. The Moloch of slavery has its victims.—The last evenings' papers brought the death of this friend of freedom; he died in prison on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. His blood cries from the ground and Heaven will avenge the wrongs of his persecutors.

The editor of the Temperance Standard makes some rather bold assertions about the county of Hampden, the truth of which we cannot vouch for, leaving it with our readers, who are more acquainted, to judge of its veracity. At the request of a friend we insert it *verbatim et literatim*:—

Licenses Granted.—The County of Hampden has maintained an unenviable reputation for rum-drinking through the whole temperance campaign, and may be said to be one of the strongest holds of rum in Massachusetts. Licenses for "the public good" have been recently granted, by the County Commissioners, in the following towns, the petitions of the rumsellers having received the approbation of the Selectmen of the several towns, viz:—in Holland, Palmer, Thorndike Village, (in Palmer) Three Rivers (in Palmer,) Wilbraham, Brimfield, Granville, Monson and Southwick. The names of the Selectmen who approbated these poisoners general and particular, were, William A. Webster and Harrison Allen, of Holland; Gilbert Barker and Jonathan Taylor, of Palmer; John McCray, Shubael Pease and Seth Knowlton, of Wilbraham; Darius Shaw, Harvey Fenton, Leonard Henshaw and Austin Andrews, of Brimfield; Dwight M. Wheeler and W. W. Bacon of Granville; Walter Smith, Warren Fuller and Elbridge Philips, of Monson; Samuel Webb, Heaton Granger and P. W. Stevens, of Southwick.

These rumsellers are all "persons of good moral character; at least the Selectmen say so, and who will dare question it! A precious set of fellows, surely!—Who treats?

For The Sentinel.

1st HAGGAI, 7, 8.

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts, consider your ways.

Go up to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, I will be glorified, saith the Lord."

Whatever the circumstances might have been, which occasioned this language, it applies with full and equal force to us of the present day, in regard to the erection of a house for public worship at this place; and we as a people should faithfully regard the teachings and instructions of the great "head of the Church."

Verily, the time *has come* that this divine command should be obeyed, and with a commendable zeal on the part of those who do feel an interest in the erection of a neat and commodious edifice, not a doubt remains of the entire success of an undertaking so laudable and praiseworthy.

Let those who decline to contribute, and disregard in all forms the establishment of a church in our midst, be their own judges, as to the propriety of such a course.

That there should be a diversity of opinion on this as every other subject is to be effected; but it is charitably hoped that in the end, not an individual will be found on the back-ground, who feels an interest in the welfare of this community. x. r. z.

Congress has raised 50,000 men to assist Gen. Taylor out of his predicament, and $10,000,000 to support them. War has begun!

Major Ripley, of the Springfield Armory, has been acquitted of all the charges against him.—*Sun.*

☞ Why should he not be cleared?—Should Satan be charged with a misdemeanor, could he obtain a jury of devils, would he not be cleared? When they all wished to commit the like encroachments on society. Would a factory agent, charged with tyranny, who should appeal to his employees, be condemned? We think not, while they had the fear of losing their places before their eyes.

Again, would a military chieftain, holding authority over mechanics and citizens, let him ever so much abuse his power, be likely to be condemned by a military court? Every body knows he would not. Ripley should have been tried by a civil court and a jury of citizens, and his conduct brought to the test of civil law and not a military code. If then acquitted, he would very properly be restored to public confidence and his place in society. Ripley is understood to have been educated on military principles at West Point school, and as a soldier, took charge of the Springfield United States Armory and all the workmen.—His whole course has been a disgrace to his country, a stigma on his own name, and a scourge and curse to the unfortunate men obliged to work under him. A civilian is the only proper person to have charge of mechanics and artisans.

Military discipline can only be submitted to from the imperious necessity of the case, in an army for war and military operations, which cannot otherwise be carried on. But that arbitrary and worse than slave-driving course with citizens employed in civil pursuits, should never be tolerated a moment. It breaks down self-respect and every feeling which can sustain our republican institutions. We would say more, but we have said enough in former years. We knew Ripley's trial would be a farce, resulting in his acquittal, while the evils complained of, would remain in full, and so predicted in our paper, months since.—*Olive Branch.*

A more striking analogy, or more truth in as few lines than is contained in the preceding, could not be expressed. We are glad the press generally entertain a right idea of this piece of villany.

The British Thanksgiving.—A correspondent informs us that the following is the form of prayer prescribed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to give thanks for the recent victories in India, to be read in the national church on the 12th of April:—

"Oh, Lord, we would thank Thee for the crowning mercy vouchsafed to our arms in the recent victory over the heathen Sikhs in Her Majesty's possessions in the British India, on which occasion some twelve thousand of the enemy were sent to their account for which we fear they were ill-prepared. Bless thy servant the Governor General—enable him to enjoy his large salary; bless Sir Hugh Gough, and Sir Harry Smith; bless the English troops; bless the officers, particularly those who are noblemen's sons; bless the artillery, particularly the horse artillery, whose grape and canister made the Sutlej run red with the blood of the heathen; bless the artillery-men; bless the drivers; bless the limbers; bless the light cavalry; bless the lancers; bless the heavy artillery; bless the howitzers; bless the congreve rockets; bless the Shrapnel shells. Do not, we pray Thee, forget the poor Seapoys. Bless the surviving officers—may they be consoled for the loss of their deceased comrades (now in a place more fitting for them) by being promoted to their posts. Enlarge their means of usefulness, on many more such occasions as this late. Enable them to extend the British dominion over the Punjaub and the remainder of Asia and China.

Bless the only true church, the Church of England as by law established. Extend the blessed institution of tithes over the whole earth. Bless the bishops—enlarge their salaries; bless the English people—incline their hearts to pay their tithes cheerfully and willingly; bless the army; bless the navy; bless the aristocracy:—"for thy mercies sake," &c. &c.

"None but the Brave deserve the Fair."—The marriage by one of our magistrates published recently in our paper, was an interesting event on account of the peculiar situation of the parties. The bride was a blooming widow with *seventeen* children, and she had resided for many years with part of her family in the mansion provided by the liberality of our citizen, for that aristocratic portion of the community called the *no-a-bility* of the town. The bridegroom was a veteran seaman who had lost one of his legs in the service of his country on board the Frigate Constiution in the late war, and both parties were on the shady side of sixty years of age. We did not learn who the bridesmaid and groomsmen were, and we have not been presented with the customary slice of cake, but we learn that the happy bridegroom borrowed a quarter of a dollar of the magistrate after the ceremony was performed and the loving couple went on their way to enjoy the honeymoon.—*Danvers Courier.*

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A fashionable lady of more show than substance, residing at Nassau Street, New York, lately went into a thread store in the Bowery, and after busying the clerk for nearly two hours, purchased a single spool of thread. She thought it too vulgar, however, to carry it home, and requested to have it sent. No sooner had she left the store than a hand-cart was procured, the spool deposited on it, taken to the door of her residence and dumped upon the side walk, after the fashion of a ton of coal—for which she was obliged to pay twenty-five cents, cartage money.

Three thousand dead letters were sent to Washington from the Lowell Post Office, all of which were received the last quarter.

The opinion has been expressed by many of the best surgeons of the age, that one half the cases of cancer on the lip originated in the pressure of the stem of a tobacco pipe upon the lip.

A son of Rev. Dr. Hewitt, a venerable orthodox clergyman in Bridgeport, Ct., has seceded from the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he officiated as a minister several years, and become a Roman Catholic.

The income of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England for the year 1845 exceeds that of any former year, being over half a million of dollars.

Not many years age the mail from New Orleans was from thirty to forty days in reaching New York. Now the contract time is eight days.

John A. Lowell made the liberal donation of $1000 to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, to be awarded in premiums.

By the present system of representation, a majority of the House of Commons is elected by not more than one fifth (200,000) of the registered electors of Great Britain.

Within the seven years preceding 1842, it is said that ninety millions of dollars went to Europe from the United States, for the article of Iron.

Working women in London save themselves from starving during the winter, by *mortgaging their summer earnings!*

There were 88 banks in the United States, in 1811, with an aggregate capital of $42,610,601. In 1820, the number of banks was 308, with $137,201,611, of capital.

Of the London Morning Newspapers, the Morning Chronicle is the oldest Journal, and has existed for 77 years; the Morning Post 75, Herald 63, Times 61, and the Advertiser 51 years.

In Italy there is one Insane man to 4,809; in France, one to 1,000; Wales one to 800; England one to 862; Scotland, one to 574; Russia one to 666; United States one to 500. Among the Chinese, insanity is almost unknown.

Nearly half a million pounds of unleavened bread are being prepared for the Jewish Passover, in N. Y.

A gigantic project has been broached in Paris—being a cast iron tunnel beneath the sea to extend from Calais to Dover—21 miles.

People of the Northern States are very few of them aware that in N. C. all *free* blacks can vote upon the same terms that white men do.

Vermont has more Revolutionary pensioners, in proportion to her population, than any state in the Union.

A machine for ship bread baking has just been invented. It is very complicated, and capable of making 220 biscuits, with the name of the maker impressed thereon, in one minute.

It is said that beasts are incapable of forming attachments. That must be an error, as we have seen a horse attached to a wagon, and also oxen attached to a plough.

To cure the tooth-ache,—Plunge your feet in cold water. Strange, but true, says an exchange. It is easily tried at least, and if that don't have the desired effect "Put a piece of lime, about the size of a walnut, into a quart bottle of water: with this rinse the mouth two or three times a day, and clean the teeth, using this water every morning. If it tastes strong, dilute it—for it should be just strong enough to taste the lime, and no stronger.

A tailor in New York advertises for "a number of *thin* coat makers." At the rate of wages paid there, we should suppose nearly all the coat makers would be *thin* ones.

"I'm dying for you," as the girl told the bachelor, when she dyed his pantaloons.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.

To Preserve Eggs—Take a pint of lime and a pint of salt, mixed with a pail of water, will preserve eggs for any length of time.

Condensed for the Northampton Democrat.

Congress.

Monday, May 4.

In the Senate a conversational debate took place relative to the bill for effecting a speedy adjustment of all suspended pre-emption claims in the several States and Territories.

In the House the committees were called on for reports, of which a great number were received. The House then went into committee, and took up the bill to supply deficiencies in certain appropriations for the current year, which had some time since been returned from the Senate with sundry amendments.

Tuesday, May 5.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill providing for the adjustment of all suspended pre-emption claims in the several States and Territories.

The House went into committee of the Whole and resumed the consideration of the bill for supplying deficiencies in the appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1846.

Wednesday, May 6.

In the Senate the committee on Finance reported a bill from the House to supply deficiencies in certain appropriations for the current year, with the House amendments, which were recommended. Most of the amendments were adopted, the report agreed to, and the bill returned to the House.

The bill to settle the claims of New Hampshire for militia service, was taken up and advocated by Mr Atherton.

Thursday, May 7.

In the Senate the bill to settle the claims of the New Hampshire Military services was informally laid aside, no quorum voting on it—ayes 18, noes 10.

After considering private bills the Senate adjourned till Monday.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the Post Office Bill.

Mr Giddings of Ohio, rose, he said, to a privilege question. He went on to make a severe speech against shooting deserters without trial. He said no worse murder would it be if a Corporal's command had been ordered to shoot members of Congress. A discussion ensued, in which several members took part.

Friday, May 7.

In the House Mr Tibbats reported a bill for the benefit of the blind, authorizing 3 townships of the public lands to be sold by the secretary of the Treasury, and the proceeds to be appropriated to purchase books for the use of the blind, which was referred to the committee of the Whole.

Saturday, May 9.

In the House the Webster Impeachment Committee had leave to sit during the sessions of the House.

Private bills occupied most of the day.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE.—The splendid pile of buildings for the Girard College are now so rapidly approaching completion that they daily increase in beauty, and amply repay the numerous visitors. The pillars of the northern portico are all up, together with a large portion of the entablature above, and the workmen are engaged in commencing the brick arches springing from the portico to the main wall of the building for the support of the roof. The pillars of the eastern portico are now completely fluted, with the exception of a small portion near the base of one. The western and southern porticos having been completed a long time since, those of our readers who have not been there lately may judge from the progress made that the completion of the main building will not be long delayed. The marble pavements in the rooms upon the second and third floors are laid, together with two of those on the first floor. The pavement of the other two rooms is all that remains to be completed of this portion of the work. The two out buildings commenced about a year since, to the east of the main building, are also nearly completed. One of them has been roofed in, and is now being covered with copper, and the other is ready to receive the supports for its roof.—*Phil. Ledger.*

STAGING.—The number of passengers and stages that leave this village daily, have greatly increased within the last few months. A short time since, but four stages left the village daily, and now *eleven* stages frequently leave in a day. In place of one daily stage south, we now have three that leave at different hours in the day, connecting with the different trains of the Connecticut River Railroad at Northampton, and two run north daily.—This increase in travelling is the result of the opening of Railroads near us.—*Greenfield Gazette.*

PLYMOUTH, N. H. AND HAVERHILL RAILROAD.—By information given in the St. Johnsbury Caledonian, said to be authentic, the Plymouth and Haverhill road, from Concord, is a failure. But $25,000, of two assessments, had been paid in, and the Treasurer had resigned. Some portions of the road had been let out, but the contractors refuse to proceed without security, which cannot be given from the small amount of unconditional stock. It is thought the road may be extended hereafter, as far as Meredith Bridge.—*Keene Sentinel.*

☞ The Magnetic Telegraph between Albany and Utica is in full operation.

During the rush of spring business, both Mercantile and Mechanical, we are glad to perceive our old friend A. H. LONGLEY, Cabinet maker, is not forgotten. Any work entrusted to his care will be done with neatness and despatch. *We know this.* For particulars, see Advertisement.

We have seen better things than this—CONUNDRUM. In what respect (more than the real one) was Major Ripley tried by his friends and supporters? We give up. *Ans.* He was tried by his *piers*, (peers.)

CAN'T BE BEATEN.—Mr Elijah Webster of No. Wilbraham, has eleven sheep which have produced twenty lambs this season.

A correspondent of the Boston Advertisiser of Wednesday says—"unless an armistice is signed in ten days, we must have some hard fighting."

WARE VILLAGE.—This village—so the papers say—is rapidly becoming one of the most important manufacturing villages in New England. In addition to two large and spacious cotton factories, just being completed, one of which is built of unhewn stone, and is the most splendid and massive factory in this country—there is another in course of erection, together with a large number of dwellings, stores, and shops. Every thing about the place seems indicative of the highest prosperity and enterprise.—*Daily Spy.*

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, *"a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."*

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

Sir,—Having been cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your celebrated External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a Farmer. Your obedient serv't,

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

At Market, 453 Beef Cattle, 15 pairs Working Oxen, 20 Cows and Calves, 400 Sheep, and 1075 Swine. 30 Beef Cattle unsold.

Prices—Beef Cattle—The quality of the Cattle was very fine, consequently better prices were obtained. We quote extra $6 50; first quality $6 a 6 25; second $5 50 a 5 75; third 4 75 a 5 25.

Working Oxen—$65, $72, $85, 90, and $95.

Cows and Calves—Sales at $20, $25, $28, and $35.

Sheep—A lot at 2 50, and $3; and a lot at 3 75.

Swine—Prime lots of small Shoats at 4 3-4 and 5 3-4c; a lot to close at 4 1-4 and 5c. At retail from 5 to 6 1-2c.

MARRIAGES.

In Brimfield, April 30, by Rev. Mr Partridge, Mr John G. Kendall of Worcester, to Miss Adeline D. daughter of Mr William Brown of Brimfield.

In Wilbraham, April 29, by Rev. John Bowers, Mr Harlow Langdon to Miss Caroline Russell, both of W.

DEATHS.

In "Stoweville," Auburn, Worcester County Massachusetts, April 15th, Mrs. Melissa C. wife of John M. Carpenter, and daughter of Abel Calkins, Esq., of Palmer, Hampden County, Massachusetts, where her remains were carried for interment, aged 23 years and 6 months.

Although the irrevocable declaration of Jehovah has gone forth that "it is appointed for man once to die;" and we are continually beholding persons of all ages and characters, taking their exit from this world, the demise of one who had not arrived at the meridian of life, who bade fair to become one of the brightest ornaments and blessings to the family circle; is peculiarly calculated to excite within the breast emotions of the most unfeigned regret. The death of this young woman has overwhelmed with sorrow, the whole circle of her acquaintance, possessed of a disposition that at once wore the affection and respect of all whom made her acquaintance. One whose hand was ever ready to assist the sick and afflicted. One whom while sorrow and affliction bore them down, could sorrow with them.—Her friends (and all who knew her were her friends,) feel that her departure has left a vacuum in their affections, which will not soon be filled; they have been deprived of a friend whom they will long lament, and whose place cannot soon be supplied by one so worthy. The effect which the intelligence of her death must produce on her relatives is such as is rarely experienced, by reason of the peculiar circumstance of her leaving an infant daughter only twenty-four days old. How many were the fond caresses and embraces of that darling mother. This darling child the ideal of her hope, will never realize one scene of pleasure as the fond caresses and embraces of that kind mother were bestowed upon her. No more will the familiar voice and light footstep greet the family circle. Often has been the joyous meeting of this woman, with Father, Mother, Brothers and sisters. But alas! no more will the sound of her voice greet their ears, death has severed the ties of kindred and friends, the grave has closed over her earthly remains. What a place for reflection its language—how impressive! its moral deep! its repose how unmolested! The grave of a friend. What recollections overpower the soul when we gaze upon the narrow house of a companion; the form which accompanied us so often in our walks, the hand that embraced ours with such fervor, the eye that sorrowed with our sorrow, and the lip on whose sound we bring with so much pleasure, are mouldering beneath the sod before us. With grief and sorrow does the memory touch the chords of the soul, as she summons before our mental vision various scenes, and happy hours, of friendly intercourse. It is with anguish and regret that we look upon the melancholy scene, we behold her prostrate at our feet bound in the sleep of death.

While living, her intercourse with neighbors and friends was easy and pleasant, both courteous and virtuous.

"What means that new erected mound,
Among yon mouldering heaps of clay?
Oh, Melissa! hast thou also found
A place as dark, as cold as they?

Yes, death has ended thy career,
And many an eye, for thee now weeps;
Ye that have passions for a tear,
Bestow it here where virtue sleeps.

For thee, a parent's tears have flown,
A brother, heaved the heartfelt sigh;
For thee a sister? bosom, glowed
With sorrow, and with sympathy.

And round thy grave in sorrow bend,
Thy num'rous friends, who lov'd thee here;
But thou hadst *one*, one tender friend,
To whom thy name was doubly dear.

And can it be that thou art dead,
Who hast such worth and sweetness shown,
Hope, life, and breath, forever fled,
Thy spirit gone to worlds unknown?

Methinks I hear a voice from you,
In accents touching tender, sweet,
Adieu my friends, a long adieu;
For we on earth no more shall meet.

Well then farewell; if it be so,
We'll hope to mind our friend above;
Where parting we shall never know,
Where all is harmony and love.

Ye zephyrs, as ye pass along,
Ye mighty winds that torrents stem,
Hum for the dead a mournful song,
Wreath o'er her grave her requium.

Thou sun, in thy meridian blaze,
Shine softly on that peaceful tomb,
And let thy first, and setting rays,
Irradiate, and cheer its gloom.

Thou moon, sweet friendly orb of night,
When darkness veils the solar flame,
Then let thy mild, and placid light
Point to that well remembered name.

Ye twinkling orbs that fill the skies,
And dissipate the nightly gloom,
Mark ye this spot, where virtue lies,
And guard this consecrated tomb.

When youth with tears, her ashes love,
And beauty heaves the deep drawn sigh;
While bending o'er this new made grave,
Let them remember *they* must die.

If youth and loveliness could save
From death's embrace, the victim fair;
Unoccupied had been that grave,
And friendship had not lingered there.

And if worth could gain
A respite from the silent tomb,
Untenanted this grave had lain,
And Melissa, had not ceased to bloom.

Often will that lonely expression pass through the mind of her parents dear—Oh! how I wish I could see my father and mother. This was an expression often repeated the night before her death. D. S. T.

WELCH & MANN'S

MAMMOTH NATIONAL CIRCUS,

Conducted by John J. Drake.

Equestrian Manager, G. J. CADWALLADER.
Clowns, (Grotesques to the arena,) GOSSIN & WELLS.
Masters of the Circle, D. CAMP & N. JOHNSON.

MESSRS. WELCH & MANN most respectfully announce to the citizens of PALMER DEPOT and its vicinity, that they purpose to visit this place, on Saturday May 16th, 1846, for one day only, and the proprietors would suggest that, having been received and patronized by the *first families* of New York and Philadelphia, they deem it incumbent upon themselves to state that upon visiting each place during their Summer campaign, they intend to present such a varied and pleasing routine of performances, which cannot fail to elicit the approbation and patronage of the most fastidious. They also pledge themselves that the performance generally shall equal the CORTEGE by which it is preceded in every city, town, or village they must have the honor to visit. They most confidently assure the citizens of each place, that their Company shall be selected and comprised of the largest and greatest order of talent in the United States.

Upon entering each city and village, this extensive company will be attended by a

Most Magnificent Band Chariot,

(drawn by 12 cream-colored horses) with 12 talented musicians, playing some of the most popular airs, marches, &c., selected from the most celebrated composers, followed by a grand retinue of carriages, wagons, teams, &c., &c., numbering over 125 persons, horses, &c.

For particulars see bills of performance.

☞ Prices 25 cents to all parts of the arena.—Positively no half price.

Doors open at 1 1-2 o'clock. Performance to commence at 2.

LOOK AT THIS!!

Palmer Depot Lumber Yard.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he has opened a Lumber Yard, at Palmer Depot, thirty rods west of Palmer Hotel, where he will keep all kinds of Lumber kept in any yard in the County, and would invite all those about to purchase Lumber, to call and examine his assortment, among which are the following kinds:—

WHITE PINE, WHITE WOOD, CHERRY, MAPLE, BLACK WALNUT, MAHOGANY, &C., &C.

He will also keep a good assortment of Shingles and Clapboards, and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other yard in the County. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves.

N. W. PRIME.

Palmer Depot, May 12, 1846. 13-6t

KEEP COOL.

Soda Water Drawn From Patent Stone Fountains.

THE Subscriber would respectfully acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of Palmer Depot and vicinity, that he has fitted up a room for the above purpose, where he would be happy to receive calls from those wishing for this pleasant and healthy Summer Beverage.

For sale, with all the various kinds of Syrups, 1st Door west Palmer Hotel. C. G. BOWLES.

Palmer Depot, April 21. (15 tf.)

STANTON'S INTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

A YEAR has scarcely elapsed since I first introduced to the notice of the public, this WONDERFUL REMEDY, and in that short space of time, it has acquired a reputation that ranks it amongst medicines as a *great* External Remedy, the *first and best.* It has received the approbation of the Medical Faculty and many citizens of influence and wealth have united in recommending it to the Public's use, as a medicine that can be safely resorted to for speedy relief. The high character already attained by this popular medicine, has induced some base and evil minded persons to palm off a counterfeit as the genuine; and no doubt the country will be flooded with a spurious Hunt's Liniment. Be careful and examine well before you buy, and see you get

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,
Called HUNT'S LINIMENT.

See that each bottle has my name blown upon it, and that it is accompanied with directions, and with a fac simile of my signature on the second page; otherwise you will be cheated with an article that will injure instead of benefit you.

The low price at which it is sold enables every one, even the poorest to be benefitted by this excellent remedy. It is unfortunately the case that the working classes, from exposure, are more subject than the idle and rich, to those very infirmities which it is intended to cure, yet the exorbitant price usually asked for remedies of the like nature (one dollar per bottle,) robs the needy of their use.

Thousands are now suffering the most intense agony, arising from maimed limbs, distortions of the frame, inveterate rheumatism; many of them, perhaps, have already given up in despair all attempts to obtain relief, after repeated and unsuccessful trials—but let no such feelings of despair be entertained—try HUNT'S LINIMENT, it has done wonders, as may be seen by reading the several cases reported in the pamphlets which are to be had of every agent. Try it and despair not. But should you through carelessness or incredulity neglect to seek for relief in its proper application, either for yourself or your friends, then let the blame be upon yourself only, for Providence has now placed within your reach a safe and certain remedy, which has already afforded relief to thousands, and whose healing properties are incontestible.

GEO. E. STANTON.

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

JOHN CURTIS & CO.,

OPPOSITE the Freight Depot Springfield, offer for sale the following articles, on the most liberal terms—

25 bbls. Linseed Oil;
50 " Sperm do.
20 " Whale do.
50 Hhds. Molasses;
100 Chests Teas of various kinds and qualities;
100 Boxes Soap at manufacturer's prices;
100 " Candles do. do.
50 Jars Maccaboy Snuff do. do.
20 Tierces Clover Seed;

—ALSO—

"E. S. B. & Co." "T. Kempshall," "M. Shepard," "Canal Mills," Agawam Mills, and various brands of Ohio, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana Flour, for sale at the lowest market prices.

Springfield, April 22, 1846. 15-3t

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

THE subscriber having purchased of C. D. Bailey his interest in the late firm, will continue to manufacture all kinds of

Tin, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware.

He tenders his thanks to the customers for their heretofore liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of the same. J. S. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, April 3, 1846. 14-6t

Wanted.

IMMEDIATELY a boy 16 or 17 years of age, as an apprentice. 14 J. S. BAILEY.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF

English, German, French and American

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.

—ALSO—

In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the

Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment,

WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CARPETINGS AND FEATHERS,
CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE,
Drugs, Medicines, and Paints,
W. GOODS & GROCERIES,
Flour, Salt, Lime, &c., &c.,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

Notice.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and firm of J. S. & C. D. BAILEY, is by mutual consent this day dissolved

All persons indebted to the late firm, are requested to make immediate payment to J. S. Bailey, who is authorized to settle the accounts of said firm.

J. S. BAILEY,
C. D. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, April 3, 1846.

Wanted!

3 THOUSAND feet first rate Butternut Boards, in exchange for Furniture or cash.

A. H. LONGLEY.

Palmer Depot, April 1. 12

Depot Store.

The Truth Demonstrated!

ALL ARE CONCERNED!!

IT has become an admitted fact that McGILVRAY & CO., sell Dry Goods cheaper than any other concern in Western Massachusetts. This being established, we would again invite the attention of all visiting this place to our entire new stock of Goods, bought during the past week at the New York and Boston Markets—at the lowest cash prices. We lay claim to no superiority in buying any more than our prices will attest to. But our Goods are bought! and will be offered at prices so low as will insure their speedy sale. Unparalleled inducements will positively be offered to all to trade. Our stock far surpasses in amount brilliancy and richness any we have ever exhibited before. It would be useless to endeavor to detail all the items in an advertisement. We must be content in giving a promiscuous idea of them, leaving the rest enveloped in mystery—to be revealed by examination.

SILKS! SILKS!

Choice styles Armure Gro D' Alger Camelion, Shaded and Fancy Silks, of all widths and colors with Blacks and Blue Blacks.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!

Long and Square Cashmere, Printed and wrought—Brocha Shawls all sizes and qualities—3 Cartons 8-4 9-4 and 10-4 Stradella in colors and Black,—5 Cartons Barrage Shawls and Scarfs of all the various qualities and styles,—10-4 Repped Ottomans, some splendid as low as $7,00.

DRESS GOODS.

50 pieces very superior styles Organda Muslins—Balzorines, Muslins, Ginghams, Lawns and other thin Goods; 100 pieces Cashmeres, Corded Ottomans, Crape and Muslin De Laines, Corded Robes, and many other Goods to numerous to particularize.

MOURNING GOODS,

Receive particular attention—desirable styles, Silks, Alpaccas, Cashmeres, Bombazines, Balzorines, Muslins, Ginghams, De Laines, &c., all of which will be sold at a small advance from cost.

PRINTS.

200 pieces Prints, new Spring styles from 6 to 25c per yard—some of which are very handsome.

CLOTHS.

The best stock of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings, and Tailor's trimmings ever offered in this place. All of which will be sold as low as the same article can be bought in Springfield, Worcester or Boston. For proof of which please call and examine.

SUMMER STUFFS.

Superior mixed Croton Coatings, Black, do., do., Plain, Mixed, Checked and Striped Gambroons, Cottonades, Denims, Grass Cloths, Brown Linens, Cotton Checks, &c., &c.

White Goods, &c.

Some very beautiful designs figured Muslin, Dress Patterns, Jaconette, Swiss and India Book Muslins of all textures, Plain checked and figured Cambrics—20 ps. Tambo wrought Muslins for Curtains, splendid styles, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Ladies' Fancy Cravats, Bonnets, Artificial Flowers, and Tabs,—Rich Bonnet, Cap and Taffata Ribbons,—Silk, Linen and Cotton Hdkfs.—Broad and narrow Linen, Lisle and Cambric Edgings and Insertings, Fringes, Gimps, Victoria Cords, Pins, Needles, Tapes, Threads &c., &c.

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

White and Brown Sheetings, all widths, from the best Manufactories in the country, Linen Table Covers all sizes, Colored Brown and Damask, Irish Linens of all widths qualities and prices—Counterpanes 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, 13-4 and 14-4, all qualities,—some very superior designs,—Tickings all kinds and prices.

Much attention paid to the sale of Feathers,—our arrangements are such for obtaining them that we can afford to sell much less than others in this vicinity, and all buying may be assured they will get a nice article. Our

Crockery, Looking-Glass & Carpet Rooms,

Have just been replenished with all the new and desirable patterns in market—together with our former stock, makes it not only three times as large but proportionally cheaper than any other in the place. Have also in store a choice lot of Silver Spoons Knives and Forks, &c., &c.

10 CASES NEW SPRING STYLE HATS,

All qualities—5 cases Calf Boots—5 cases Shoes—200 pairs Ladies Kid Ties and Buskins—Umbrellas, Parasols, Parasolettes, Sun Shades, &c., &c.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Good assortment of Medicines, Patented and Unpatented—Dye Woods of all kinds—200 Reams Emery Paper.

GROCERIES!!

10 Hhds. Molasses;
5 " New Orleans Sugar;
5 " Puerto Rico do.;
5 Boxes Brown Havana;
4 Bbls. E. Boston Crushed;
70 Chests Teas different kinds;
3000 lbs. Tobacco;
30 Jars Macoboy Snuff;
500 lbs. Scotch do.;
Spices all kinds;
100 Casks Nails;
20 Boxes Soap;
10 Bags Coffee;
300 Bush. Amer. Salt;
200 bush. Turks Island do.;
2000 lbs. Lard in kegs and barrels;
50 Boxes Baisins;
5 Casks, do.;
10 Boxes T. D. Pipes;
Dried Beef;
Ham;
10 bbls. Clear Pork;
10 " Mess do.;
200 Bags Dairy Salt;
50 " Rock do.;
200 Bbls. Flour different brands;
Pittsfield Lime.

FISH.

2000 lbs. Codfish;
10 Barrels Mackerel;
10 half do.;
10 quarter do.;
25 Kits do.;
Salmon, Trout, &c.

PAINTS & OILS.

5 Bbls. Sperm Oil;
10 do. Whale "
1000 Galls. English and Amer. Linseed do.
4000 lbs. Pure Ground Lead;
2000 " Extra do. do.;
1000 " No. 1, do. do.;
200 " Paris Green;
40 " Chrome do.;
500 " Venitian Red;
500 " French Yellow;
25 " Prussian Blue;
50 " Terra D' Sienna;
50 " Chrome Yellow;
500 " Red Lead;
200 " Litharge;
50 " Umber;
2000 " Whiting and Paris white;
10 " Copper Bronze;
10 " Pack's Gold Leaf;
10 " Chinese Vermilhon.

We would inform all who purchase Flour in this place, that our arrangements are such that we can sell as low as the lowest. To Painters and others, we would say we will sell the article of White Lead, less than they can obtain it from any other source—we have it of the Manufacturer in large quantities and can sell from 1-2 to 1c pr pound than those who buy under different circumstances. The article of Lead we now offer is of a very superior quality and warranted.

The subscribers take this opportunity of tendering their unfeigned thanks for the very liberal patronage they have received, since they commenced in business, and hope to merit and receive an extension of the same.

D. F. McGILVRAY & CO.

Palmer Depot, April 30, 1846.

POETRY.

For The Sentinel.

The Massacre.

BY C. H. GATES.

Near a clear silver stream on a bright summer's day,
A young band of heroes had lingered to play,
With hearts that beat high with love and with gladness,
They dreamed not an hour would enshroud them in sadness.

We turn to its history not with pleasure but pain,
Where the proud sons of Essex were routed and slain,
They died not with hunger, no lingering decay,
But the steel of the Indian has swept them away.

On a broad stretching plain by a beautiful brook,
Shall the far distant stranger oft linger to look,
He'll stand on the spot and recall the sad story,
And he'll think how they fell on the high field of glory.

But we hasten to tell the dark story of guilt,
When the blood of the brave so freely was spilt,
Though no roses shall deck it no flowers shall adorn,
Yet the truth may be told and the picture be drawn.

As I muse on the scene the loud gladdening cheer,
Comes echoing back it falls on me here,
They rise in their pride to sport and to play,
All buoyant with hope on that fatal day.

They gaze on the sun with their wonted delight,
As it darts o'er the mountains its first ray of light,
And the picture of life opens fair on their sight,
As the face of the sky on a soft summer's night.

But our visions are earthly our hopes but a gleam,
Our staff is a seed, our life but a dream,
I mark all gathered in one happy band,
As joyfully bound to a far lovely land.

They turn to their friends they bid them adieu,
And every loved object which their infancy knew,
The home of their fathers they leave far away,
And all that had gladdened in life's merry day.

Now onward they march through the deep forest wilds,
Now mingling their joys their pleasures and smiles,
The tall waving trees that now girdle them round,
Are gay in their greenness with beauty all crowned.

They pass on in silence, there comes not a note,
On the deep bosomed air in the breezes that float,
But the scene is now changed youth's gay dream is broke,
From his dark hidden lair the *savage* is woke.
I hear the loud cry, Oh spare me, oh spare!
The valley is filled, 'tis the shrieks of despair,

Now their voice of entreaty their pleading and prayer,
Floats far on the breeze of the clear mountain air,
While the whoop of the savage falls far down the glen,
Like the howl of the wolf from his deep rocky den.

And the war song is mingled with the wild frantic yell,
And vengeance seems waked from the nethermost *Hell*,
While the red weapons clash and the youth's maddening cry,
From the mountains re-echo, Oh, save me, I die!

Now with hatchet upraised they dash on the shore,
Their token of friendship they'll wear it no more,
And they vow by the God of the tempest and snows,
That the blood of their victims shall give them repose.

The chief of the tribe towering high from the rest,
Like the chief who first fell from the realms of the blest,
Cries the spirit has taught us the Whites are our foes,
Bids us chase him with vengeance wherever he goes.

We have come from afar, we have come to the fight,
'Tis death to the Red man or death to the White,
No prayer can now save you, 'tis the idlest of breath,
The *Kyle* is lifted 'tis a signal for death.

Alas! for those youth every hope is now fled,
No friendship can aid them, they go to the dead,
No Father's fond counsel, no Mother's soft tear,
Quells a sigh of their bosoms or hushed a fear.

But the death shot is heard, the flash it is past,
The victims are gone like a sigh on the blast,
With one noble struggle they breathed their last breath,
And the bright sun of hope was shrouded in death.

For The Sentinel.

Enigma.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 3, 7, 1, is a tool used by carpenters;
My 8, 7, 3, 4, is a troublesome disorder;
My 9, 8, 2, 5, is a color.
My 5, 2, 8, is a farming utensil;
My 7, 3, 4, is the name of a tree;
My 2, 3, 7, is a given name for men;
My 8, 6, 2, 9, is very necessary to all in travelling;
My whole is useful in housework.

ADELAIDE.

☞ An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

We hear of a thief down east who was so "cute" that he stole a log while the owner was asleep upon it. He slipped the log out and left the man astride the bark!

"There's two bolsters missing, Mary."

"Yez marm. Miss Susan and Miss Jane put 'em on for bustles this morning, coz they was goin' out to walk with Mr Spizzlefizzle."

Hush, girl."

A NEW RAILROAD. —"Ship-a-hoy!—Where are you from?" "From the sky," replied the skipper who was hailed.—"How did you come down from there?"—"I greased the seat of my trowsers and slid on on a rainbow."

[illegible] boy at a school in the west, was [illegible]ite his lesson in history, was [illegible] the German Dict?"

[illegible]napps and sausages," he

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Albany Cultivator.

Appropos of Farmers.

I know a farmer who has but fifteen acres of land, off of which he supports his family—he continues to get 40 bushels of wheat from an acre, and from 50 to 70 bushels of Indian corn, besides corn fodder in abundance. Instead of impoverishing his land by these heavy crops, such is his economy in saving, making, and applying his manures, that his farm grows richer. This farmer applies his knowledge of figures to his own calling. He says he cannot afford to grow half a crop, as the deterioration in fences, and the interest of money on hand is the same, crop or half-crop. It is needless to say that this man takes two agricultural papers.

I know another farmer who has 78 acres of land, a fine calcareous clay loam, ameliorated by quartz and limestone pebbles, with a sprinkling of small boulders. He barely subsists his family, in a very *primitive* way, on the avails of his 78 acres.—His corn-field is plowed, or rather half plowed, late in the spring, the weeds run a race with the late planted corn; until late in June, when the hoe and the plow give the stunted plants the end of the race. Now comes a drouth—the already enfeebled plants have no organic power to make the extra heat available; hence they are pinched by that very influence which gives fruition to the well-tended and early-planted field. But the drouth has at least served this man with an excuse for his short crop of Indian corn; thus saving his pride at the expense of his pocket. His wheat fallow is a little better managed than his corn-field, but his crop is always foul, sometimes short, and the grains are generally shrunken. To bring the year about without running into debt, this man pinches his family in the ordinary comforts of civilization; go to his house in a winter's day, ten to one he is asleep on his bed, or sitting cosily by the fire. Ask him to subscribe for an agricultural paper, and he is no longer cosy; all the Goth and Vandal in him is aroused. "I want no book to teach me how to farm. Look at my neighbor Progress—he is a book farmer. What use are his Durhams, and Berkshires, and all his big crops? He spends it all; it only makes his family proud; how mad it makes me to see his children sent by every day to the village school." I do not retort upon man the fact, that his district school cannot be respectably sustained, because the district contains too many such men as himself. I let him alone in his glory. I assail no man, who, like the hedgehog, is armed at all points.

I know another farmer, a mild, quiet German, who seems instinctively to have that German love of the beautiful and true, which is only an acquired taste with us restless Americans. While we strain after the ultimate good, they quietly improve that which is within their reach. This man's farm gives an earnest of the industry and good sense of its proprietor. Not a thistle, not a briar, no aldar bound fences; all is neat, clean, and arable. The house rather plain; if it displays no taste, neither is it like too many of our fine farm houses,—a caricature on all orders, and good taste to boot. The barn is large, well ventilated, with painted blinds; the fences permanent and strong; what is lacking about these premises in ornament, is amply made up in neatness, and the appearance of positive comfort. This man modestly says, "*Ich can night guth English lezen.*" Still he takes the papers, and the well thumbed leaves of his last year's Cultivator, show that its contents have been understandingly read by him.

I know another farmer, a gentleman, a scholar, and a christian, so far as the fashionable modification of christianity will admit. He complains that he cannot farm by book, because his hired men object to the drudgery of the prescribed preparations. He speaks twice to his horse, where he condescends to speak once to his men. Yet, strange to say, he boasts of the cleverness of his horses, while he complains of the intractability of his men!!

I know yet another famer, a book famer, if you please, a new beginner, but an enthusiast in his calling. He soon found that he could do nothing by way of improvement, without awakening in the mind of his head man, or factotum, an enthusiasm akin to his own. This man at first demurred to hauling swamp muck into the barn yard, lest it should spoil the manure. Now he has become an ardent student in vegetable economy, and in the philosophy of vegetable growth and nutrition, as it is taught in the agricultural papers of the day. Here is at least one laboring man, exalted from the character of a mercenary drudge, to be a respectable co-worker with the chemist in his laboratory, and on a grander scale. S. W.

Waterloo, Feb. 7, 1846.

This is the season—and we trust the generality of farmers do not need to be reminded of it—to provide for a plenteous supply of vegetables. They make cheap living, as well as wholesome and good, and greatly add to the luxuries of diet. Some farmers are apt to think labor spent in the vegetable garden almost thrown away.—The very contrary, we think, is the fact.—Plant plentifully, nurse carefully, and the whole season, enjoy richly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bachelors, Get Married.

Grant Thorburn says—Those consummate blockheads BACHELORS, they too must join the hue and cry to deface and defame the most beautiful part of creation. Conscious that they are running contrary to all laws, human and divine, they come forth with hard words, instead of argument; they are not able, say they, to support a wife; why, it costs you more in six months for the soda water you drink and the tobacco you use and give away, (two articles that you can well dispense with, and an article that your fathers never saw) than it would take to support a sensible woman for a twelve month. He that hangs Creation on His arm, and feeds her at his board—He that hears the young ravens cry, will never suffer the young YANKEES to starve. When you have got money enough to buy furniture you will then go to house-keeping and marry.—Here the fowl of the air will teach you—in the spring he looks out for his mate—he has not now a stick or straw towards house-keeping: together they gather the sticks and straws and in a few days the dwelling is prepared for the young. But the bachelors in everything put the cart before the horse, always wrong end foremost with them. They say as they get a nest they look for a bird, thus running quite cross-grained in the face of nature.

To Get Rich.

You pine for wealth. Do you know what it is you seek? The millions of John Jacob Astor give him only a living; and so far he is no better off than you.—But you say you have a load of anxities for the future, you may get nothing laid up for old age, and your children may be beggars. Very true. But the cares incident to a large estate are quite as harrassing, and of the two you spend fewer sleepless nights than the millionaire. It is true people bow low to him, but they *respect* you as much. Ah! but you long for his splendid house, his costly equipages, or his sumptuous table. So the beggar envies you the every day luxuries which have grown so common from long use that you think nothing of them. The rich man would give thousands for your appetite.—Ride in his carriages and you will be glad to walk again. Take our word for it that, however your condition may differ from that of others, we have all the same chances of happiness, and that your felicity—whether you are rich or poor—depends wholly on yourself. A mind content is more priceless than fine gold.

Advice to Men in Debt.

Ascertain the whole state of your affairs. Learn exactly how much you owe. Be not guilty of deceiving yourself. You may *thus* awaken suspicions of dishonesty, when your intentions were otherwise.

Deliberately and fully make up your mind, that come what will, you will practice no concealment or trick which might have the appearance of fraud. Openness and candor command the respect of all good men.

Remember that no man is completely ruined among men, until his character is gone.

Never consent to hold as your own, one farthing which rightfully belongs to others.

As you are at present in circumstances of great trial, and as many eyes are upon you, do nothing rashly. If you need advice, consult only a few. Let them be disinterested persons of the most established reputation.

Beware of feelings of despondency.—Give not place for an hour to useless and enervating melancholy. Be a man.

Reduce your expenditures to the lowest amount.

Care not to figure as others around you. Industriously pursue such lawful and honest parts of industry as are left to you. An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve your affairs, than a months moaning.

If you must stop business, do it soon enough to avoid the just charge of an attempt to involve your unsuspecting friends.

Learn from your present difficulties the utter vanity of all earthly things.

☞ If a lady were lame in the arm, and in the left leg; if she was blind in one eye, and couldn't see with the other; if she had no teeth, and her gums worn off; if she had a bump behind, and to make amends, was perfectly flat before; and if she was club-footed and had a cancer on her nose; and if she had a "spit-fire" temper, and forty-nine negroes with seventy-five thousand dollars cash: how many suitors would she have? Don't all speak at once!

A GOOD ONE.—A western editor gives the following as the most approved method of killing fleas in those parts:

Place the animal on a small pine board, and hedge him in with putty; then read him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes frightened so as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death!

Pretty Hands.

Delicate, beautiful hands! Dear Miss, how do you contrive to make your hands so pretty? And set on such rings, too, as if to draw attention that way. Let us feel of them. Lord-a-mercy, how soft and tender! Do you bake, Miss? No. Do you make beds? No. Do you wash floors, and scrub the pots and kettles?—No. So we thought. Look at your mother's hands. Ain't you ashamed to let that old lady kill herself outright, while you do nothing from daylight to dark, but keep the dust from your face, and the flies from your hands. What are you fit for? Will a man of common sense marry you for your delicate hands? A person who is a real man, would prefer to see them blacked occasionally by coming in contact with pot hooks and trammels, and calloused by a day or two's hard rub at the washing board. Pretty fingers indeed!—what are they good for, but to move over a piano, or to stick through gold rings? Like many of the vain things of earth, they are kept for show, and nothing more. For our part, we would rather see them wore out in actual service, and as tough as a coquette's conscience, than so tender that a fly's foot will make an impression upon them.—*Portland Tribune.*

The Company of Books.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable communications are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their soul into ours.—God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination—the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from the best company where I live. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness and affliction. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof.—*Channing.*

Amende Honorable.

"Did you say I was'nt fit to carry swill to a swine, Mr Brown?"

"I did, sir,"

"Well, sir, I require you here, in the presence of these gentleman, to recall that insult, or you will have to take the consequences."

"I am ready willingly to repair the injury I have done you."

"Well, see that you do it quickly, sir."

Brown turned round to the gentlemen, and said:

"Gentlemen, I have done my friend Mr Smith, here, the injustice to say, that he was not fit to carry swill to swine, at which he is very indignant. Now, gentlemen I desire to recall that remark, and do here take great pleasure in saying, that Mr Smith *is eminently* qualified for the important office of carrying swill to swine! I hope this apology will be satisfactory to Mr Smith, and that his excellent qualification will be duly appreciated."

Mr Smith disappeared.

What is a Professor?

The learned Professor F. went into the country last summer to visit an old friend. The next morning after the arrival of the Professor the two friends went out for a ride in the woods. They had not proceeded far before they came to a set of bars, and the gentleman seeing a stout boy standing near, asked him to take them down, when the following dialogue took place:—

"What shall I take them down for?"

"We wish to ride through, and this gentleman is a Professor, so you must make haste."

"A Professor! What is a Professor?"

"A Professor is a man—that—that—can do anything."

"Well, if he can do anything, he can take down the bars for you."

My Love.

Our "devil" thus sings to his lady love—he's none of your common "imps," neither is his love:

My love is like the red, red rose,
And measures three feet round;
She has a thundering, great, big nose,
And weighs two hundred pound.

Her feet are not so very small—
She wears just number 'leven—
Her eyes are like two little stars,
Dropped from the vault of heaven.

She nearest to an angel comes
Of any I can find.
An angel without wings, alas!
But has no "*hump behind!*"

A man's mind is his storehouse.

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of Hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole Agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent Street, London, in Bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass, sole Agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Trull's, Norman's (Peruvian,) Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters. Hull's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescur's, Smith's (sugar coated,) Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps' (Tomato and Cough,) Gridley's, Peters', Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States and various other Pills.

Whittemore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarrhœa, &c. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Beeannon's Pulmonary Syrup, Covert's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balsam, Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Catarrh Snuff, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Michaux's Freckle Wash, Brandreth's and Gridley's Liniment, Opodeldoc, Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Root's German Ointment. Griswold's, Sweet's, Essex's, Sherman's Bettis' and Hebrew Plasters.

Sherman's, Fales', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &c., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by

8 A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, 1846.

Depot Cabinet Warehouse.

THE subscriber would inform his patrons that he still continues to manufacture all kinds of Cabinet Ware, and would invite all those about to purchase any article in his line to call and examine his assortment. Among which are the following—

Grecian, Work, Card, Centre & Dining

Tables; Work, Wash and Light Stands; Grecian, French and Common Bureaus; French and Common Bedsteads; Grecian, Cane and Wood seat Chairs, &c., &c. His Furniture is of the best

MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP,

and his prices will be found to be as low as at any other establishment in the county. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves.

Thankful for the liberal patronage with which he has thus far been favored, would solicit a continuance of the same.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work done at short notice. A. H. LONGLEY.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 13, 1846.

THE GREAT NORTHERN REMEDY.

N. H. Downe's Vegetable BALSAMIC ELIXIR.

A MOST valuable medicine for curing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Bleeding, and all diseases of the Lungs. It promotes expectoration, by which means the irritation of the Lungs is immediately stopped; and by its Balsamic properties effects a speedy cure—as can be attested by thousands of individuals in New England and the other States, (certificates shown if desired.)

For sale by A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 29, 1846. 2

Wanted!

IN exchange for goods or cash,
1000 bushels Corn;
1000 " Rye;
3000 " Oats;
for which the highest prices will be paid.

McGILVRAY & CO.

CARPENTER & JOBBING SHOP.

THE subscriber having opened a new Carpenter and Jobbing Shop, near Palmer Depot, on the first of April, where he will be happy to execute all orders in his line of business, with which he may be favored. He designs to finish after the latest and most approved style of

Architecture, Drafts, Plans, and Elevations,

executed with neatness. Also, Bills of Timber and Lumber. All work entrusted to his hands will be done with despatch and in a

WORKMANLIKE MANNER,

and by attention to business and faithfulness in the performance of all orders, he hopes to merit the patronage of his friends and the public.

7-3m N. W. PRIME.

HARD WARE, GLASS, NAILS, &C.

THE subscriber is receiving his spring supply of Hard Ware, Tools, and every article in the Hard Ware line, which will be sold at Hartford and Poston prices, with the difference of freight only.—Also, Prouty's

CELEBRATED BOSTON PLOUGHS,

which go ahead of any Plough as to workmanship, easy draught, &c., doing the work well. For sale at manufacturer's prices.

Also, constantly on hand a splendid article of

PICKER & LACE LEATHER,

for manufacturers. S. C. BEMIS,

Exchange Building, Main street.

Springfield, March 20, 1846. 11-3t

NOTICE!

THE subscriber informs the public, that he still continues to manufacture

Bonnets & Artificial Flowers,

in all their varieties suitable for the spring trade.—Country merchants will do well to call and examine previous to purchasing elsewhere. Bonnets repaired at the shortest notice. E. P. TUCKER.

Belchertown, March 28d, 1846. 11-6t

Job Printing!

Palmer Depot Printing Establishment.

SOUTH OF THE WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT.

The subscribers, having an extensive assortment of materials in the

Jobbing Department,

are now prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

in the neatest style, such as

CATALOGUES, HANDBILLS,
SERMONS, BILL-HEADS,
TOWN REPORTS, CIRCULARS,
TOWN RECORDS, LEGAL BLANKS,
BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, &c., &c.

Managers of Balls and Parties will be supplied at short notice, with

CARDS OF INVITATION,

in style superior to anything of the kind heretofore executed. The Materials of this Establishment are all new and of the latest City styles.

☞ All Orders for the Paper, or Job Work, sent by Mail, Stage Drivers, or otherwise, will be faithfully executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The subscribers having at their command as good an assortment of Type as in the County, they flatter themselves they will receive a good share of the public patronage.

WHITTEMORE & TENNEY.

Palmer Depot, Mass., Jan. 1846.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March, 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & A. SNYDER.

N. B. Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 3 1-3 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulas affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guarantied.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

Cards! Cards!

LADIES OR GENTLEMEN wishing for Visiting or Business Cards, can be supplied at short notice, with or without printing, at this office.